



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



32101 063581696

Profiles

Arthur Ketchum

II

3811
85

~~ANNEX LIB.~~

Library of



Princeton University.

Presented by

Dickson Q. Brown

2
87
1

PROFILES

Arthur Ketchum
w.



BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS
1916

*Copyright 1916, by Richard G. Badger
All rights reserved*

The author wishes to thank the Editors of
The Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Magazine, Every-
body's Magazine, The Forum, Smart Set, Ainslee's,
and *The International* for their courteous permis-
sion to republish several of these verses.

The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

AD MATREM
November, 1915

(RECAP)

3811

85

373

642599

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS

<i>En Passant</i>	9
<i>The Garden</i>	9
<i>Old Apple Trees</i>	10
<i>The Fire</i>	10
<i>Arabesques</i>	11
<i>Tide Rock</i>	12
<i>Succory</i>	12
<i>Sweet-Bay</i>	13
<i>Shadow</i>	13
<i>Talisman</i>	14
<i>The Mother</i>	14
<i>Across the Marsh</i>	15
<i>Music at Night</i>	15
<i>For Remembrance</i>	16
<i>The Head-Land</i>	17
<i>Moonrise</i>	18
<i>Wings</i>	18
<i>The Intruder</i>	19
<i>The Flower</i>	19
<i>That Day</i>	20
<i>The Name</i>	20
<i>Her Anger</i>	21
<i>Nightingales in Exile</i>	22
<i>War</i>	23
<i>Interned</i>	23
<i>The Kite</i>	24
<i>Escape</i>	24
<i>Interlude</i>	25
FROM A SPANISH SKETCH BOOK	
<i>The Road to Granada</i>	27
<i>Romance</i>	27
<i>Chapel Royal</i>	28
<i>Seville</i>	29
<i>Padre</i>	29
<i>Lola</i>	30
<i>Dolores</i>	30
<i>Traveller's Joy</i>	31

THE MOUNTAIN

<i>Ascent</i>	32
<i>Summit</i>	33
<i>Dark</i>	34
<i>The Song of the Canoe</i>	35
<i>In the Highlands</i>	37
<i>Upland Acres</i>	38
<i>The Rain</i>	39
<i>The Lost Trail</i>	40
<i>Shadow Time</i>	41
<i>Roadside Rest</i>	42
<i>The Scent O' Pine</i>	43
<i>The Thrush</i>	44
<i>In the Arena</i>	45
<i>A Street Cry</i>	46
<i>The Gleam</i>	47
<i>Come Buy</i>	48
<i>Even-Songs</i>	49
<i>Captives</i>	50
<i>Rencontre</i>	50
<i>Fog in the City</i>	51
<i>Street Song</i>	51
<i>Decoration Day</i>	52
<i>The Sea Wind</i>	53
<i>Trees in the Park</i>	54
<i>Paraclete</i>	54
<i>Alle Seelen</i>	55
<i>Eroica</i>	56
<i>Knighted</i>	57
<i>The Secret Children</i>	58
<i>Day's End</i>	59
<i>Pipes of Pan</i>	60
<i>An Old Song</i>	61
<i>The Happy Spirit</i>	62
<i>The Blue Divide</i>	62
<i>To-Morrow</i>	63
<i>The Weaver</i>	63
<i>Postscript</i>	64

APOLOGIA

*What will they be to you,
My little carven words?
My Treasure of deep seas!
My Dust of Kings!
My Wonderful!
Set in the straight rows,
Line by line,
Dull changelings all!—
They do not tell you anything;
They will not shine or sing;
And you will read,
Not see and hear.
If you found upon your garden path
The fragile shards of an egg shell
Would that give you the bird?
Or when the wind
Scatters before your feet
The white petals of a shaken rose,
Can you reconstruct the flower?
A blossom broken in the wind,
A crushed shell,
What have they to do
With rapture of song and flight
With color and fragrance
And life?*

EN PASSANT

It is white
As the heart of a sun-bleached shell,
The little room,
And when at night the lamp is lit
It glows like a flower;
It is then I like it best,
Looking in as I pass through the rain:
The white walls,
The table and the chairs,
The little print above the chimney piece:
One would grow quiet here I think,
And dream sweet thoughts
And face old age and death
With courage undismayed.

THE GARDEN

All the repressed years, all the meager days,
All the denials, all the frustrate joys,
The frosted loves, the unreckoned dreams,
They have been gathered like a harvest,
Their color and their fragrance
All distilled
And pour'd upon this ground
Like wine.
O holly-hocks, rose and ruby,
Lupin and larkspur, sea-blue, calm as the
sky,
Scarlet sage and golden nameless things,
Do ye know the vats that bred you?
Or what vintage ye are of?

OLD APPLE TREES

I like the gnarled apple trees
And the worn low house:
They have grown old together
And like understanding friends,
Beyond necessity of speech,
They keep a happy silence.
Even in blossom time
They are not young;
The pink and white
On the old boughs
Is only afterglow;
And the lilies
By the sagging gate
—Lavender among lush leaves—
Are like the pattern
On old plates,
The treasure of spice scented cupboards
With white doors.

THE FIRE

Here at the margin of the twilit earth
I heap the wood, clean with the sea
And dried with many suns,
And kindle the valiant flame,
Undaunted by the darkness of two worlds.
O, brave its little challenge to the stars!—
Fearless it laughs above the sheer abyss,
A shining kinship to all suns that are:
As though a soul enkindled by the Spark,
Unquenched by darkness,
Undismayed by space,
Should flame its Credo to Infinity.

ARABESQUES

When there is no sun
And the morning is heavy with rain,
The sea seems like burnished steel,
And the sails,
Far off and faint,
Like the worn arabesques
Of a rune
On an ancient battle shield.

II

I heard the rain on the roof :
Like idle fingers it seemed
Thrumming a formless tune :
Without sequence,
Without beginning or change
Or end :
And I thought what if the tune took shape
And fell into rhythm
And sang :
Could men listen
And not go mad ?

III

Over the hill,
Hand-like a cloud reached up,
And grasped the sun ;
(Did God forgetful let it slip so low ?)
And then it seemed the greedy fingers
Dripped with gold,
That spattered down the sky.

TIDE ROCK

The other rocks crouch huddled up the shore
Bleached in the sun and safe,
And bare and dead;
But one has dared
To creep down to the tide-line
And to take
The buffet of each idle wave
Upon its patient cheek,
And to be drowned, deserted,
And then buffeted again.
See how the sea-weed
Has begun to twist itself upon it
Like a crown.

SUCCORY

Flower that brings the color
Of the sea
To the sad need of vacant city lots
Parched in the sun;
Flower that is the joy of wistful
Prison'd folk;
Herb of grace,
What do you here
Along the harbor wall,
Where the white shingle
Dips like a bosom
For the weary sea?

SWEET-BAY

In the sun-smitten field
Arid and parched
The grass is almost white
As bones bleached
And dry on the sand.
All the long day the heat
Drugs it to silence:
But see how the sweet-bay
Makes a pool,
So green, so dark,
That one peering into it
Might see his face
Reflected far down,
Like a leaf floating on still water.

SHADOW

Of a sudden all the light grew old:
And the sun
Like a weary and spent flame
Paled in the wan blue.
The very trees shivered and drew their
branches close,
And here on the roadside
The flowers stared
With haggard eyes.
Was it then that some one
In a little white house at the foot of
the hill
Pulled down a shade
And said 'He is dead'?

TALISMAN

I will take the azure of the sea today
And lay it on my soul
Like a patina;
And over its blue,
Spread the shadow of the green
On this sun filled head-land:
And the faint lilac of the fluted wave,
And of the little shadows of the sand:
And they shall merge and mingle,
Melt and fuse,
Until they are a jewel
God will lock away,
Too beautiful for earthly wear.

THE MOTHER

On the dim beach,
Watching the sea,
I saw a woman stand with blowing skirts,
A child beside her.
The waves came almost to their feet:
And hissed and gleamed
Like some white-fanged and hungry beast,
Some beautiful untamed and fatal thing.
And when the child leaned down and laughed
The woman caught her up
And crushed her close,
And sped across the gray sands
To a lighted door.

ACROSS THE MARSH

When the heat spins a veil
Over the face of the noon,
Then the gray little town
Across the marshland,
And the harbor arm
Above its empty wharves
And idle masts,
Grows faint and tenuous,
Spectral and dim,
Like a picture
Fading on a wall
Of a forgotten room.

MUSIC AT NIGHT

It is as though you opened your window
And threw into the night
Handfulls of diamonds,
Hard, shining little stones
That fell
Like pebbles under my feet;
Or scattered in the warm dusk
Rose petals,
Crimson and white,
Scented and cool,
Soft as rain;
When I pass your house
And hear you playing.

FOR REMEMBRANCE

The gasping marsh forsaken by the tide
Remembers still the sea;
All lover-like he came
And laid a spent and weary cheek
Upon her waiting breast,
A brief and blessed hour,
As for her comforting.
Look where the sea once laid his lips
Blue of his blue and gray as tears,
The flower of remembrance,
Rosemary.

THE HEAD-LAND

The head-land is a Sphinx,
And to her feet
Creep all the legions of the sea,
Each with his question,
Asked and asked again
But still unanswered.
Ah, the cry,
The protest
Of each baffled wave
That still must ask and be denied!
Some day, her granite lips
Will speak;
And then the sea will come no more
To cry before her carven feet,
And she will crumble like a ruined shrine
Deserted;
Since she has spoken
And a Sphinx no more.

MOONRISE

It is white and shadowless
As a pearl,
The moon tonight;
It leans upon us
Like a watching face,
White, white!
It will not soften into tears,
Or flush, or change,
For all it sees;
The pity was washed out of it
When it grew wise and white
And dead.

WINGS

Moth wings fluttering in the dusk
Soft and blind,
So futile, yet so sure.
I watch you wondering,
Shall I pity you?
Little ships that drift
Without lights
And rudderless;
Or envy you
As something winged and free?
Is it flight
Or—escape?
Little wings
In the dusk!

THE INTRUDER

Here in this little room
The lamps are lit;
And the fire
Is like a red lily
In a dark bowl;
It is so bright, so still, so safe,
One lays aside the last defence
And the sword
Is sheathed!
I will turn the pages of old dreams
Like a book of forgotten songs—
Why should the moonlight
Like a spent wave
Lie white upon the threshold
Of my open door?

THE FLOWER

There is a garden eastward
Where each day
A mighty flower blooms and blows;
Petal by petal,
Opening its golden heart.
And then it pales
And fades
Until at last
A hand out reaches from the west
And gathers it.

THAT DAY

That day there were two paths to choose;
I took the little one
That led through pastures sweet with bay
And cedar trees
And up a sudden hill-side
To the sea
That closed upon it like a door of space
And ended it.
But you that kept the road
So shadowless, so straight,
Have found the little towns
Thick set with trees,
The farm lands rich with toil,
The towered city,
Shining like a dream;
And still
The road leads on.

THE NAME

Over and over all day long
I say your name;
And wrap it up
In little tender words
I never heard or learned,
But know.
Over and over all day long!
Until my heart is sweet,
Like some dim room
Where flowers have been.

HER ANGER

Her anger is an east wind,
Thunderous
With storms unspent,
Clouding the day!
Portentous
Frought with fate:
But oh, her scorn!
Clear lightning
Riving the gloom!
West wind keen and cold,
Cleansing and making whole
With promise of a star
White in the twilight sky.

NIGHTINGALES IN EXILE

In alien woods tonight
The brown birds
Sing:
 Out of wrecked gardens,
Desecrated fields,
 Sanctuaries
For ever spoiled,
 (What songs are yours, O torn and
 bleeding world
Of ancient quiet and old peace?)
 They come;
To sing the silver back
 To foreign stars
And bring the English night
 Forgotten sweetness,
Pledge
 Of that eternal beauty,
Triumphing still,
 And past the reach
Of wars.

WAR

Wings that darken the morning,
Clouding the blue,
Vultures that hover
Imminent, greedy, sure,
Grim harvesters,
Who can escape you?
The air is poisoned with smoke
Of far-off battles.
The guilty earth:—
O mother spoiled and betrayed!
Spawns a horrible breed:
The dew of its birth
Is blood.

INTERNEED

All the long day, here in this little room
With its white walls and window open to the sky,
I lie and watch the hours go by me,
One by one!
They are like birds, the passing slow winged hours,
Birds in an endless flight,
And each one with a cry.
It is not bells I hear from out some city tower,
It is a cry—silver and soft and glad—
Of something free!
All the long day I watch the hours' flight
And when the dark comes and I cannot see,
I have the sense of wings; I hear
The cry!

THE KITE

I watched a boy with a kite,
 (It was red as a tulip
And sky and sea were blue).
 At first it seemed to hesitate
As though afraid,
 And then gaining courage by a little
 flight
It took the wind and soared.
 Up, up,
Like something free,
 Dipping, veering,
Drifting,
 And up again
Until it found
 The cord.
Free yet tied!
 Better to lie with untried wings
Then come so near to freedom
 And a cord.

ESCAPE

I said I would have done with thoughts,
 And names and labels.
This shall be no more a tree,
 Or that a flower,
Or colors, green and blue and red,
 Or love, or hate or joy:
For I am sick with the disease of thought
 And its delirium, imagination.
But laying my lips to the Great Cup,
 I will drink deep of beauty,
Wordless, colorless, without name or thought.
 And I shall be whole.

INTERLUDE

*You that blame the singing
With the ready tongue,
Could you hear the ringing
Of the songs unsung,
All the surge and splendor,
Joy and lyric pain,
Would you change, I wonder,
Blame to praise again?
So when men benighted
In some marshy place
Feel with eyes unsighted,
Fresh wind on their face
Long sought and denied them,
Guess how near may be
In the dark beside them,
All the waiting sea.*

FROM A SPANISH SKETCH BOOK

THE ROAD TO GRANADA

All day, the burning furnace of the plain;
Bare mountains white with sun—the distances
Breathless, unbroken, save where olive trees
Spent their scant shade and weary fields of
grain
Ebbd in the heat like an enchanted main
On the wrapt shores of some Hesperides.
Still little towns—as sun besieged as these,
A hill-top tower glimpsed and lost again—
Who guessed this wonder at the journey's close?
The shining towers, the leafy long Ravine,
Shadows and murmuring water everywhere!
Above, Sierra with its crown of snow—
And, midway-set, in gardens, hung in air,
Alhambra, throned and lovely like a queen!

ROMANCE

(Patio de Daraxa. Alhambra)

The pomegranate's boughs are astir,
Where the scarlet blossoms blow,
Is it the voice of awakened bird?
Or the lingering ghost of a broken word
Said long and long ago?

For the moon lies white on the court,
And the shadows are thick between
The columns of the dim arcade,
The wizard Moorish builders made
For a forgotten Queen.

This was the place she sought
Weary of song and light,
Where the wind moved soft as a prayer
And the fountain swayed in the scented air
Like a white flower of the night.

And here where the starry dark
Wrought magic and mysteries,
Who knew if a proud Queen stormed and wept,
There in the palace that reveled or slept,
Behind the lattices?

The night is astir with its dream;
The moon is on tower and wall—
Hush! in the shadow something stirred!
A bough bent by a restless bird?
Or the sound of a light foot-fall?

CHAPEL ROYAL

Granada

Men have seen visions in this reverend place,
And walked here softly as on holy ground—
Here the carved angels thrilled to hear the sound
Of alleluias, like a storm of grace
Beating upon these heights of dusky space!
Proud knees have bent here—Kingly heads and
crowned
Bowed here adoring. Royalty hath found
Itself made humble by this thorn-browed Face!
Here sleeps the dust of unremembered dead,
Under their banners' fading blazonry:
Old wars have hushed here—valiant swords found
rest;
Here Pomp grown weary in a Kingdom's stead
Under the wings of peace, sleeps quietly—,
A tired child upon a mother's breast!

SEVILLE

A city of the flowers by day,
In booth and stall:
Along her streets—in place and square
Are flowers, flowers, everywhere,
And over all.

A city of the flowers by night:
What other name—
For these long garlands down her streets
That every river bank repeats
But flowers of flame?

PADRE

No pallid ecstasies for such!
Those lips have laughed too long and much
To linger long in wistful prayer;
He has the eager ready air
Of one who finds today too sweet
To lose a moment—all replete
With pleasure, to the very brim
Life holds a winking cup to him.
Priest? Yes; but one would surmise
Vowed to some Bacchic sacrifice,
Look closer at the crisping hair!
Find you no hint of vine leaves there?

LOLA

To-day is festa—Lola piles her hair
Into a dusky tower, then with care,
Adjusts the comb—and deftly puts a rose
Just at the place where it best shows
Under the white mantilla; now—the shawl,
Deep fringed and embroidered, made to fall
In soft folds almost to her slippered feet.
Lastly her fan! She's ready for the street!
Insolent, radiant, like a brilliant flower,
Lola will glow her brief pathetic hour
Then grow old suddenly and fade away
Into obscurity—that's the Spanish way.

DOLORES

Withered incredibly,—bent, toothless, spare,
Crowlike—you mark her hovering there!
Choosing a posy at the flower-stall,
Lean shoulders dragging in her rusty shawl,
Paying her grudging penny for a rose!
That is Dolores! you would not suppose
That men have loved her, fought for her—her
name
Whispered by women—like a word of shame,
This battered thing the market girls despise;
There's nothing live about her—but her eyes.

TRAVELLER'S JOY

The hills near by were golden,
The far-off hills were blue,
There was a brook that sang so clear,
I needs must answer, too!

There was a little upland road
That dipped into a hollow,
Where all the maples were a-flame,
And so I needs must follow:

And follow, follow, till the dusk
Had made the near hills far!
And answer, answer, till the brook
Sang to a silver star!

THE MOUNTAIN

ASCENT

There was a brawling brook to gossip cheer,
 When first the hill-path found the woods and
 lead
Through cool green glooms. The branches over-
 head
 Touched friendly hands, and once a thrush
 sang near,
Then sudden stillness and the way climbed sheer
 Up breathless stretches, through a shadowed
 space,
 When hemlocks whispered, and then, face to
 face,
I stood with the last peak, far off and clear.

It flung a splendid challenge to the breeze,
 I pressed on, strong and eager, up the steep,
 Behind me lay the forests hushed with sleep—
Above me in its granite majesty,
Sphinx-like the peak thro' silent centuries
 Met the eternal question of the sky.

SUMMIT

Victor at last—throned on the cragged height—
I scan the green steepes of the mountain side
Where late I toiled. The forest lands stretch
wide,
And in deep valleys farms gleam faint and white.
Vistas of distance break upon my sight,
The peopled plain creeps to the sky's blue rim
Where far peaks gather—substanceless and dim

As half-remembered dreams by noontime light.
Between two silences my soul floats still
As any white cloud in this sunny air.
No sound of living breaks upon my ear,
No strain of thought—no restless human will—
Only the virgin quiet, everywhere—
Earth never seemed so far, or Heaven so near.

DARK

The shadow falls from Time's slow-passing wing—
The color burns to ashes in the west;
The last light fades along the darkened crest,
And night takes still possession, like a King.
In the near fields of sky are blossoming
The white stars in a shining multitude;
It seems my hand might pluck them, if it would—
All flower-like in their close companioning.

The valleys fade in dark—the woods recede;
A swift wind, fresh from space, blows keen and cold:
In the awed silence of this dim high place
One keeping vigil might not fear, indeed,
If it befell him as that man of old,
Who in the mountain met God, face to face.

Franconia
September, 1915

THE SONG OF THE CANOE

Dip! Dip!

And I thrill with the start—
For the ripples run and the waters part
At the song the paddle sings.

Drip! Drip!

And lo, it brings
The word of a sweet command to me
And leaping to answer it—I am free!

Water-weeds weaving in vain to stay me.

Fain, fain

Are the reeds arrayed at my prow to delay me—

Vain, vain,

They cast their lure and they bid me bide;

But the paddle swinging along my side—

Dip! Dip!

Hath a dearer bribe than the still things know,

And I go, I go!

Lo, I am come of a wilding birth—

The Brown God's cunning my mother made,

In the days of the younger earth.

He wrought her stanch in sinew and thong,

Making her slender and supple and strong

And lithe as his knife's own blade.

He garnished her bravely, without and within,

Breathed into her being the soul of desire,

To follow the wake of the mad marsh-fire,

Thistle-drift's sister and Will-o'-the Wisp's kin.

Out on the trail that the free things know,
I go! I go!
On the airy quest that is never won;
And tempting me, daring me, luring me on,
The iris wings of the dragon fly—
Till the day is done and the last lights die.

Glide! Glide!
Across the calm of the evening tide
When the first white stars begin.

Creep! Creep!
Where the lilies sleep—
Stars in a sky as soft, as deep—
The paddle singing me in.

Hush! Hush!
For the tall reeds brush
My side as though they love me.

Rest! Rest!
On the inlet's breast
With the roof of the leaves above me.

IN THE HIGHLANDS

The Garry to the Tummel flows,
And Tummel seeks the sea,
And under boughs of beech and pine
The wild white waters sing and shine,
And call and call to me.

Oh, banks bestarred with primroses!
Oh, woodland whisperings!
High in the blue I catch the gleam
Half guessed, half seen, and all a dream—
Of drifting sea birds' wings.

Here in the hills with loch and ben
Comes the old call to me,
Of endless spaces and the quest
That will not let me stay or rest
But lures my heart to sea.

UPLAND ACRES

Bleak in the dusk I see them lie,
The little stony fields swept bare
Of their scant harvest—And the sky
Close bent above them, as aware.

So pitiful their precious store!
So meager, yet so dear appears
Each careful furrow tilled no more.
It seems almost a thing for tears.

For here such patient toil has bent
And here has centred faith and prayer
And here has Hope its radiance spent,
And Fear has watched here and Despair.

So barren and so rock beset!
Mocked by the bay and cedar trees:
Sterile and worthless—yet, ah yet—
God of all harvests, think on these.

And for the sake of toil and prayer,
Of thy rich store no gift withhold,
Till unguessed glories make them fair,
These weary acres, gray and old.

THE RAIN

Long waited for, deferred, despaired—
 At last—the rain!
A silver silence on the hill,
 Along the lane,

The parched sward, like a thirsty child,
 Today holds up
Its grateful, needy lips,
 As to a cup.

The dripping boughs are weighted down—
 The birds are still;
The garden things bow low to take
 Its quiet will.

The little street has hushed its life:
 The winds scarce dare
To stir this peace that falls as soft,
 As answered prayer!

THE LOST TRAIL

Green woodland pity heals the ancient scar;
Spring after spring, through still unresting
years,
In little saplings and the tufted pine,
The old trail disappears.

Forbidden vine and fern-brake come once more;
Brown leaves have hid the secret deep and
well;
Only the scattered blaze-marks, blurred and dim,
A fading message tell.

One coming here might seek for it in vain;
There is no sign above the guarded gate
To point the path, to where the still wood keeps
Its heart inviolate.

The old path fades, forgotten; only guessed,
And scarcely found and once more lost again.
No record serves to show the long-healed wound
Of havoc and of pain.

God send all trails forgetfulness as this!
Such healing pity of the kindly years,
That no swift-footed memory may find
Lost places of old tears!

SHADOW TIME

The brown arms rest at the journey's end;
The ripples eddy and fade and die;
The inlet's dark where the birches bend,
And the lily-squadrons at anchor lie.

The woods are loud with the coming night;
A thousand choirs sing even-song;
And high in the west—Oh, high and white!
The first star beacons the shining throng.

This is the chosen and perfect hour,
When the dim trail ends at the dusky shore;
And leads through the fern and the cardinal
flower,
To a waiting light and open door.

ROADSIDE REST

Such quiet sleep has come to them!
The Springs and Autumns pass,
Nor do they know if it be snow
Or daisies in the grass.

All day the birches bend to hear
The river's undertone;
Across the hush a fluting thrush
Sings evensong alone.

But down their dream there drifts no sound,
The winds may sob and stir:
On the still breast of Peace they rest,
And they are glad of her.

They ask not any gift—they mind
Not any foot that fares;
Unheededly life passes by,
Such quiet sleep is theirs.

THE SCENT O' PINE

Across the drowsing noon, like some soft spell,
Than any woodbreath, sweeter and more fine,
Elusive, poignant and ineffable
The scent o' Pine.

As one who opening a casket laid
Safe from all curious eyes, too dear to see,
And finds old letters that the years have made
A Memory—

And wrought of ancient sweetness, hope and fears,
From out the faded pages, there arise
Fragrances, that call forgotten tears
Back to the eyes.

So now to one returning to this hill
Guarded by sun and silence as a shrine,
What long forgotten presence mingles still
With scent o' Pine!

THE THRUSH

I hear him when the sunlight pales
And shadows on the grass grow long—
Leaf-hid, insistent, lyrical:
The singer of one song

That will not quite reveal his heart,
Nor all attain the magic word—
Nor capture in one golden note
The rapture of the bird.

Yet how the silence thrills to hear!
The leaves hang breathless lest there
fall
Wasted, one halting liquid strain,
One yearning interval.

Again and yet again—until
The dark enshrines the haunted place;
And from the shadowy skies looks down
A star's adoring face!

IN THE ARENA

Yes! with the dust in my throat! Yes! with the
roar in my ears!

Of the Victor's tumult of praise—the mingled
hisses and cheers!

While the faces grow dim in a haze. Is it blood?
Is it tears?

And over me, in a cloud—like visible, sentient
things,

A-flock o'er the places where Death, their car-
rion victim flings—

Defeat and Despair hover near, on terrible wait-
ing wings!

They shall not have me! Not yet! For the will
makes its desperate claim;

(O weakness grow strong! O pain be a sword!
Be a wakening flame

And burn the last dross of denial in fires of shame!)

Now—once again! Up! Up! Not yet is the
uttermost end!

Not till Strength makes its ultimate cast—its
last rally send!

You have taken your toll of the Flesh; here's Soul
yet to conquer, my friend!

A STREET CRY

Oh, now the heavenly daffodils
Their yellow lamps have lit,
And vendors take the golden spoil,
The streets are bright with it,
And baskets brimmed as they can hold
Are precious with the April gold.

Here's daffodils! I hear them cry
Along the noisy way;
There's winter in the air and sky,
The city streets are gray,
But like a hope and prophecy
The yellow flowers flame for me.

Here's daffodils! oh, somewhere now
The earliest dreams awake:
Dim stirrings vex the sleeping bough
For unborn April's sake—
And gardens patient in the snow
A thrill of tender promise know.

And weary folk that waited long
Look up and hope again,
In the dumb spaces like a song
The old cry echoes plain.
New wine the empty chalice fills
And for a sign—here's daffodils!

THE GLEAM

Spring light over the square—
Yet the bravest boughs are bare
And the bleak winds pass
Over the starveling grass.

Spring light—tender and blue
As April ever knew,
Making the grim and dull
All new and beautiful!

Till the pallid loungers seem
Caught in a sudden dream,
And the sodden faces share
In something brave and fair!

Listen and you will hear
Triumphant, mellow-clear,
A note like a bugle's call
In the roaring's interval.

A street tune! wistful and gay
That the gutter organs play—
And carol weary and wise
The city's song to the skies!

COME BUY!

"HERE'S FLOWERS FOR YOU" PERDITA

The flower-faces bend above the flowers
That make the long low loft so strangely gay.
Undying beauty—mocking the brief stay
Of theirs who toil there thro' the weary hours!
Outside, all April, and the sun and showers,
The keen wind blowing freshly from the bay:
Here tired eyes scarce pause to mark the day;
And tired hands contend against dim powers.
O Perdita! In all thy garland set
Are blossoms sad as these that poverty
Weaves in its need to make some other fair?
Who reck not in each rose and violet
The weary eyes that tears made dim to see,
The tired hands that grappled with despair.

EVEN-SONGS

I

The river flows a golden tide
Up to a purple shore,
The banners of the smoke drift wide
Across the open door
That God has set beyond the west
And made a starry way,
To lead to welcome and to rest
Another pilgrim day.

II

Down to the night and the sea
The slow sails drift and go,
Out of a west spread goldenly
Over the purple lands—
Past where the city stands,
And the dark begins to be,
And the lights flare row on row,
The slow sails drift to the sea.

This is the hope of the day!
The promise darkens and dies
And the trail of a shadowy way
Leads from the dusky shore:
Irrevocable evermore,
That will not stop or stay,
Drifts to the ruined skies
The slow winged hope of the day.

CAPTIVES

At every street-end is the glint of the sea;
The last tall houses open like a door,
And space and light are waiting evermore
Just at the street-end. Oh, how mockingly
Flashes the vision of that liberty
On the sick eyes of men held prisoner
By endless walls and iron streets a-roar,
Fain for the sea way fetterless and free!
Out of the dusk that darkens half their day
They turn, for comfort, to that square of light,
The wistful eyes that watch through captive bars
The gleam of wings, the far-off azure bay,
Or some great ship her full sails crowding white
And skies entangled in a net of spars.

RENCONTRE

Sometimes in these alien streets,
In this strange time and place,
Almost I stop to speak to you—
Thinking I see your face;

Your Very-Self, your eyes,
Your poised and perfect head;
Almost I start and say your name—
Forgetting you are dead.

FOG IN THE CITY

Till now the houses in my street
Showed me a dear accustomed grace
Of homely quiet that made kind,
Each worn familiar face.

But now, blown in from empty miles,
Comes this white magic from the sea
To cast a spell across the noon
And win my own away from me—

To dim my near and friendly sky,
To make the honest daylight pale,
To weave across my quiet ways
A silence and a veil.

STREET SONG

The thought of you like music
Sang in my heart all day;
It wrapped me close as sunshine
Through many a dusty way;

It folded me in quietness
Through all the fret and jar;
It led me to the edge of dusk
And laughed on me—a star.

DECORATION DAY

All down the dull unheeding street
The marching men went by—
The banners drifted in the wind,
The bugle's silver cry
Sang clear, sang high for triumphing,
Sang soft as tho' for tears:
The tunes that led the marching men
To battles of old years.

Far down the gray, unlistening street
It faded and was done;
Oh, bugles, crying from the heights,
Of starry victories won,—
There follows you in shadowy hosts,
Unreckoned and denied—
The legions of the love that wept,
The ranks of them that died!

THE SEA WIND

Winnow me through with thy keen blown breath,
Wind with the tang of the sea!
Speed through the closing gates of the day,
Find me and fold me; have thy way
And take thy will of me!

Use my soul as you used the sky—
Dull sky of this sullen day!
Clear its doubt as you sped its wrack
Of storm cloud bringing its splendor back,
Giving it gold for gray!

Bring me word of the moving ships,
Halyards and straining spars;
Come to me clean from the sea's wide breast,
While the last lights die in the yellow west
Under the first white stars!

Batter the closed doors of my heart
And set my spirit free!
For I stifle here in this crowded place,
Sick for the tenantless fields of space,
Wind with the tang of the sea!

TREES IN THE PARK

They are not like their sisters of the wood,
These city-trees,
For they have lost their innocence
Being too close to life.
They wear their verdure like a veil,
That hides but to reveal:
Their shadow has a secret and a shame—
Their whisper is a summons and a lure:
For they have learned they have a price,
And that their beauty is desirable—
But they must sing and whisper,
Yield, withhold;
They are grown wise and weary since they came,
These sad, lost sisters of the wood!

PARACLETE

With the first twilight comes the Comforter;
Above the city smoke, clear set and plain,
For every eye to share and take again
The healing benison that comes with her.
Low, low and near, a shining thurifer
Before the bright high altar of the west,
In some dim rite; a worship manifest
As votive gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Now Weariness, look up and lift your heart!
Toil for a little rest the tired hands,
And lonely Grief be comforted a space.
Above gaunt towns, o'er torn and restless lands
The quiet falls, the last dim curtains part—
A white star burns before a watching Face!

ALLE SEELEN

It is old love that calls to you—Oh, hark!

Turn from the lights and laughter to the pane,
Where the wet ivies glisten in the rain
And the low wind cries houseless in the dark—

And if there come there for a little space

The pulse of wings bewildered in the night,
Oh, understand! Old love strains to the light
Craving the pity of your heedless face!

This night is ours alone, in all the year—

Dead loves, dead hopes, all buried futile things—
Be merciful to all the beating wings!
They have so brief an hour—O lost and dear!

EROICA

You that heard the voice of him manfully out-
ringing,
Rallying for lost causes the broken ranks of
right—
Praise the valiant faith of him, who led men with
his singing,
Down the shadowy slope of fear to outposts of
the night.

You that knew the word of him—wise or stern or
tender,
That grudged no man his honor—that never
softened blame.
That called a last endeavor in the face of full sur-
render;
Let it be of these you sing who come to crown
his name.

You that saw the brain of him—swift for rede and
reckoning,
That read with clear-eyed vision the councils
of the past.
Yet blazed thro' unknown wilderness trails of the
future's beckoning;
Remember all his wisdom and honor him at
last.

But I that heard the voice of him—knew the word
and brain of him,
I that stand today to praise with all the honor-
ing lands,
Bring my gift of tears to him—just for the human
pain of him—
Just for the gentle heart of him—and for the
kindly hands.

KNIGHTED

Only a word—but I knew!
Merely a touch—but I grew
Healèd and whole and blest,
Strong for the Quest!

Only a word—but I went
Into my banishment,
Singing your name and glad—
New Galahad!

And you—did you know or guess
How your face leaned to bless!
How of your faith was made
God's accolade!

THE SECRET CHILDREN

We are done with pity—we are done with grief—
All the rains are ended, all the winds are laid,
To the quiet country of the unfalling leaf,
We have come together glad and unafraid.

Here we have for music all the songs we sung—
Lost, forgotten singing of passing lips and
hands—
Broken echoes of the joy we knew when we were
young
Gladden us forever in unshadowed lands.

Never more to fright us—never more to chill—
Change is like the crumbling wave ebbing back
to sea:
Time is but a little cloud that fades above the hill
In the wide blue morning of eternity.

We have made a garland of the tears we wept,
We have wrought our sorrows in a crown of
flowers,
And our secret jewel is the joy we kept
Safe throughout the wrecking years and the
traitor hours.

Call us not at morning time or at dusk of day,
Seek us not by croft or dale—or on moor or
linn;
We have won the Fairy Path, where primroses
lay,
We have found the secret door and have entered
in!

DAY'S END

Beyond the clamor of the day's unrest,
Desires unsatisfied and faltering aim,
Doubts, hesitations, fearfulness and blame,
The feeble answer to the Great Behest,
Temptings acknowledged, failings unconfessed,
The petty strife masked by a braver name,
The jealousies that brought no saving shame,
There shall be silence and a darkening west.
Haply the last light of the passing day
Will touch them with its pity ere it goes
To some new morning—shadowless and far—
Haply an instant all the troubled gray
Will gleam with gold, will tremble into rose,
And over them flame white a steadfast star!

PIPES OF PAN

He laid his lips to a river reed!
If you listened you might hear,
The song the bright brown water sings
In the Springtime of the year.

He laid his lips to a river reed!
If you listened you might hark,
The sound of the sheep-flocks folded safe
In the early April dark.

He laid his lips to a river reed!
And wistfully he blew,
And lo, Love sang from out old years
A lost sweet tune you knew—

It seemed the stars came out to hear!
—So clear he piped and wild—
And it seemed the sleeping dead could hear,
And hearing must have smiled!

So sweet it was, so sad it was,
So brave it was and clear,
When the young Pan piped on a river reed,
In the Springtime of the year.

AN OLD SONG

When I was a young lad,
And that is long ago,
I thought that Luck loved every man,
And time his only foe,
And love was like a hawthorn bush
That blossomed every May,
And one had but to choose his flower,
For that's the young lad's way.

Oh, youth's a thriftless squanderer,
It's easy come and spent:
And heavy is the going now
Where once the light foot went.
The hawthorn bush puts on its white,
The throstle whistles clear,
But Spring comes once for every man,
Just once in all the year.

THE HAPPY SPIRIT

The sorrows that I had how shall you know?
No wound I keep—no scar is mine to show,
Only I wear thro' God's unreckoned hours
A crown of flowers!

How shall I witness all the perils passed,
Leagued terrors down a journey dim and
vast?

This shining garment white as driven flame,
Mine since I came—

What record given of the great Release
And the still waters of the wells of peace?
Deeper than speech the wordless answer lies—
Look in my eyes!

THE BLUE DIVIDE

A cloud in the East and a cloud in the West;
And all day long the blue divide
Of the sundering sky that lies between,
Unsailed and wide.

All day long from the East, from the West,
Over spaces that kept them twain
A white cloud called to a far-off cloud,
And heard again!

The East is far as the West is far;
But look!—when the day is done—
In the holy place of the earliest star,
The clouds are one!

TO-MORROW

To-morrow—when the dream comes true,
When care is done and grief's away,
To-morrow—when I share with you
The joy withheld from us to-day!

To-morrow—when the bitter word
Forgiveness has made sweet once more!
To-morrow—when the sea-blown bird
Finds the safe shelter of the shore!

To-morrow—when the wrong is right,
Nor coward fears the hope betray!
To-morrow—hush! the East is white
With God's unalterable to-day!

THE WEAVER

I sit apart in shadow—yet my hands
Are busy with the shuttle's come and go,
And on my loom—the motley figures grow
Out of the color of the woven strands:
I have had rumor of all times and lands—
Strange faces and far cities I do know,
Old loves, forgotten warfares—soon or slow
Their image haunts the changing pattern's
bands!
Sable and azure—crimson, gold and rose—
The restless shuttle waits the fateful thread,
The echoed pageant claims its history—
Today's report or yesteryear's—who knows?
Mine is the morrow, mine the quick and dead,
Mine the last secret of Eternity.

POSTSCRIPT

*Now I have brought you my dreams,
And spread them before your feet;
Will they be to you only
As blown leaves,
Russet and red
For you to tread on
And pass by?
My dreams!
That are tissue of gold
Beaten thin
And scarlet with living flame.*

Princeton University Library



32101 063581696

